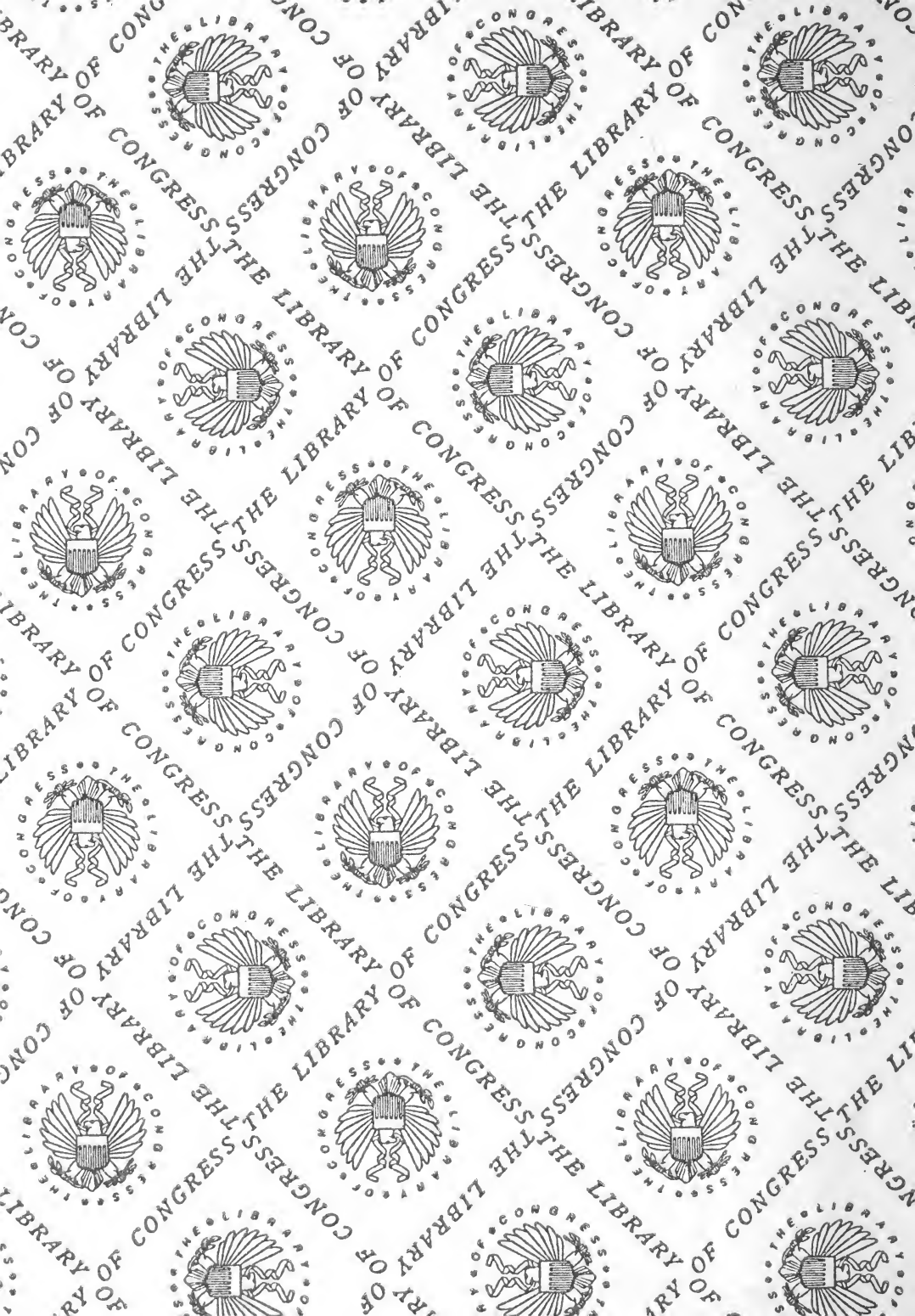
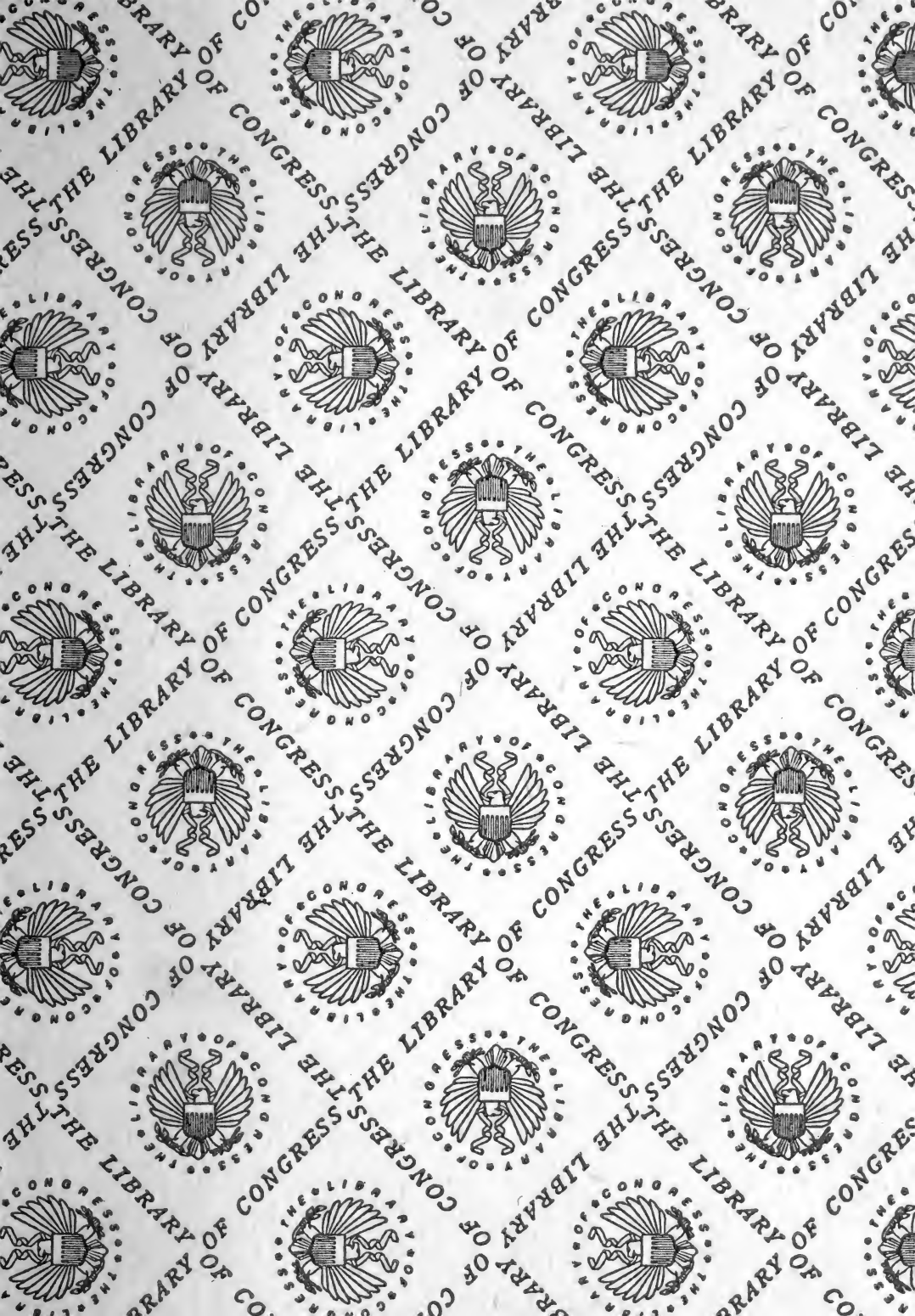


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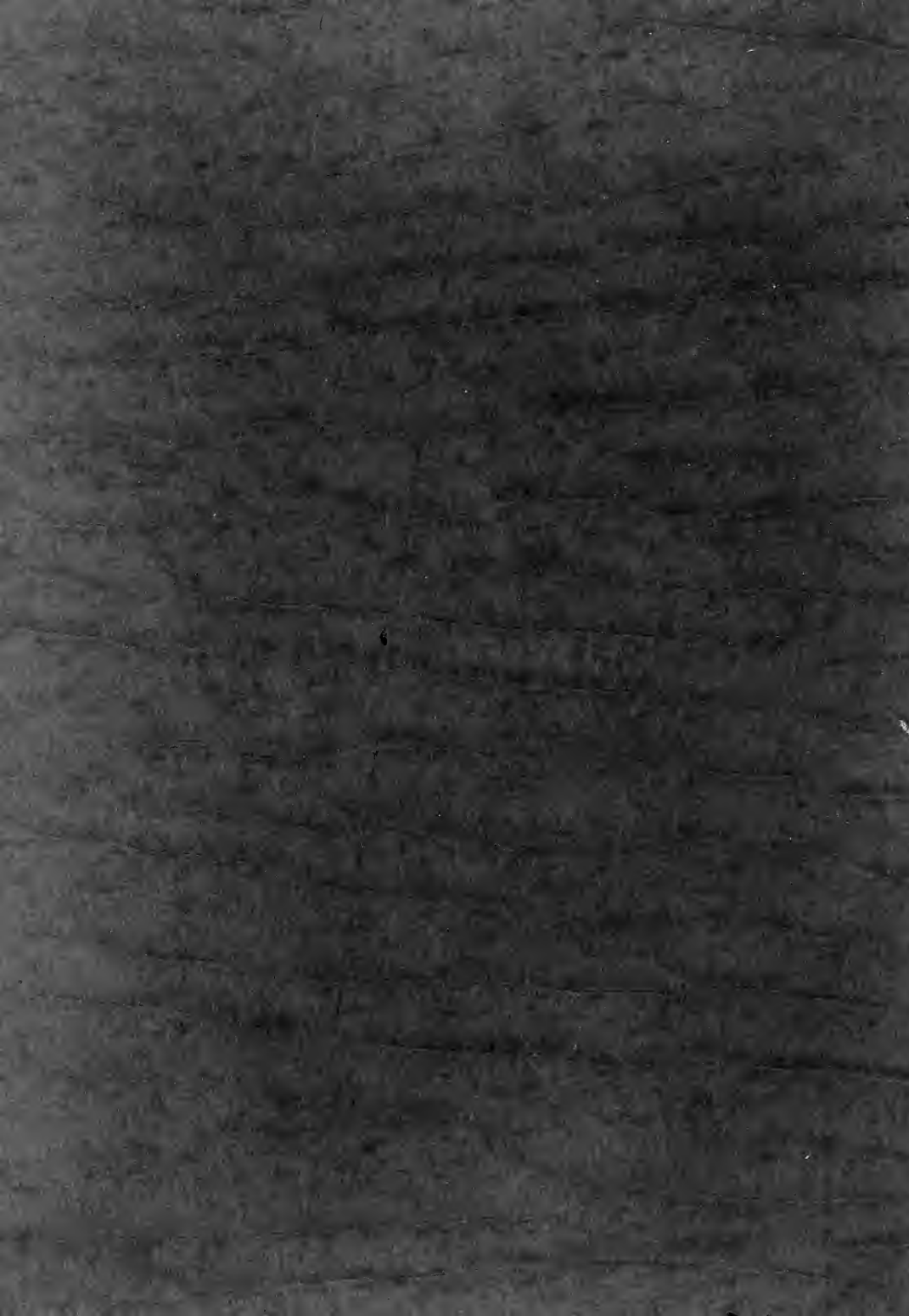








POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.

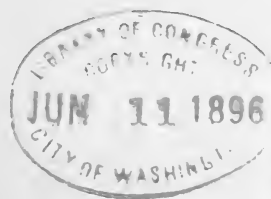








POEMS AND FRAGMENTS.



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PRESS OF
The Hosterman Publishing Co.,
Springfield, Ohio.

MR. ARTHUR EDWIN SHIVELL,
New York,
N. Y.

My Dear Brother :

I am getting out an informal little book of verse to sell at twenty-five cents, and expect to canvass from house to house, here in Ohio towns, until I have made enough to continue my education.

I feel confident of success, for you know the people out here are very generous, and will always appreciate honest effort to a worthy end.

Still, I do this reluctantly, for many reasons which you will appreciate with me. First of all, there is not a perfect stanza among those I have selected as my best, and, indeed, many are too crude for publication. For the most part they are mere fragments from extempore things, written in my twenty-first year, and never retouched. I am sorry I have to enter the lists

of literature in such haste and without preparation. But there is yet a greater reason for hesitation. It hurts me to force a business out of my writing. I would much rather do the old way again, and earn my education by working at odd hours, as I did last year at Andover; but that is out of the question now. It would mean broken health, and the loss of another year, which I cannot afford. A few months now and I will be twenty-two; and I am not even prepared for college.

These things decide my course. The book is now under way, and I have a great many promised. I shall not dignify it with a dedication. If I did I should dedicate it to the memory of our sainted mother. As it is, let the purest strains within it be sacred to her memory between you and me. It is enough to endear each little volume to us, and I trust it will give me strength in my undertaking.

Your affectionate brother,

PAUL SHIVELL.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, *May 11, 1896.*

MY MOTHER.

A FRAGMENT.

Her grateful eyes no more shall meet my own
With glad approval and maternal pride :
Through weary life I take my way alone,
And try so hard to feel well satisfied ;
But life is O so long, the world so wide,
That though in dreams I see her o'er and o'er,
When shall I turn me from life's sad seaside,
And meet my mother on that farther shore,
Where I may ^{be} with her at rest, forevermore.

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AN APPEAL FOR ARMENIA.

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE CRISIS.

Long I've looked in trust to England to espouse the Christian cause,
Vainly hopeful of the time to sing her well-deserved applause ;

All the world has watched and waited ; Christendom has hoped in vain :
Still the daily news of slaughter swells the the number of the slain !

Every day a band of martyrs from an old and honored race !
Every day before all Europe grows the mountain of disgrace !

Fifty thousand helpless Christians slain by order of one man ;
For they chose the Holy Bible to the blood-stained Alkoran !

Thousands, suffering from starvation, shiver round the crowded fire,
Silent, watchful every minute, lest they wake the sultan's ire ;

While the generous Western World outside stands knocking at the door,
With a wealth of food and clothing in her ships along the shore.

But their king refuses entrance as he wipes the bloody knife ;
And, before her dying parents, shows the child the sins of life.

And he laughs in cold derision at the pleadings of the world,
Where the jealousy of nations keeps the flags of battle furled ;

For the tyrant of the many wives enjoys the sounds he hears,
Glad to gratify his lusts, and proud to move the world to tears.

O thou patient, blameless people, many a heart this side the sea
Rises from the daily pulse to beat in sympathy with thee!

Many a husband feels the anguish, many a mother holds her breath,
Reading of thy wives and daughters forced to horrors worse than death!

And they see thy sacred homes to dens of violation turned,
Where the shrines of thy devoted love are shamed to death and burned!

While around thee crowd the nations, big with dignity of state,
Striving with a heathen monarch for the honors of debate;

Jealous, watchful of each other, see them bow and scrape with care:
Fearful of the secret dagger; quick to use it when they dare.

Verged on righteous war they argue, till they force him to explain,
When, their mission half accomplished, see them strut back home again!

They would help thee, so they tell us, but none dares when all object;
And thy pleadings for protection but insure thee their neglect:

So they leave thee with his promise; but no sooner are they gone,
Than he pays thy persecutors, and the bloody work goes on.

Helpless in the hands of heathen; left by Christians to thy cares;
For diplomacy itself has failed, and 'tis no fault of theirs.

Friends of such, whate'er your station, God shall some day try your
creed;

And your self-control shall choke you when your heart comes home to
bleed!

You shall reason to your heart's content when He shall ask you why,
In the ready hour of action, you were waiting idly by.

Would you, if you saw a man assault your wife or kill your cat,
Pause in both alike to argue, like a well-bred diplomat?

Would you, for the sake of friendship with the mighty man you fear,
Make a virtue of your patience, and control the struggling tear?

Who shall dare be diplomatic when a woman cries for help,
Shall be scorned of men forever, lower than the lowest whelp:

Doomed by God to shame eternal, he shall shine with bloody Turks,
Where the blackest page in history holds his diplomatic works.

Shame, O shame ye powers of Europe, on your hypocritic state!
You have homage for the mighty; for the weak you have but hate;

Yet you call your countries Christian, fighting for the Martyr's cross:
Boil you down to Christ's religion, and behold the princely dross!

Are you civilized as nations? do you show it in your works,
While you watch your brothers butchered by the systematic Turks?

What the use of modern warfare, power and pride of kings' command,
When full fifty thousand Christians perish by a single hand?

Where, O where that mighty nation now that boasts a power supreme?
Is adoption of the helpless not an item of her scheme?

No; alas! the poor Armenians have no wealth of dazzling store,
To effect that strange decorum, sold so many times before.

Theirs is not the Indian country, tempting to the British greed;
If it were, some page in history long had held a British deed.

Theirs no wealth of minor countries, to be watched as soon as found;
If it were, long years of mortgage now had Anglicized the ground.

Theirs no mines of Venezuela, hardly known to local fame,
Ere the bafflers of the sunset move their boundary line to claim;

Where, no sooner other mines are found beyond the bounding hill,
Than the all-begrudging nation moves her limits further still.

Then she fights if neccessary, but in cases like this one,
Stops at show of stately wisdom, and declares her duty done.

From the taking of her island, to the charging of the Boer,
This, the mightiest state in history, never fought a righteous war ;
Where the right was half the battle, and a trust in God the rest ;
And they won, none could remember how, but God knew what was best.

O thou proud and boastful people, vain of e'en thine empty pride;
Self-made lords of half the world, and coveters of all beside !

You who place the heads of families, unimproved from age to age,
O'er the freedom of your manhood, to be heard above the sage !

You, to whom had been the glory, now to you the just disgrace !
You who had the power to save them, turn, O turn and hide your face !

You will force the honest settler from the home himself has made ;
But you dare not help a people whom thy friend, their king, betrayed.

Would to God some manly feeling stirred a statesman, or a king,
Who, despite the threats of Russia, dares to do the manly thing !

Why should Russia, more than Turkey—any half-barbaric state—
In the face of such as England still control Armenia's fate ?

Is her brutal exile system too monotonous to bear,
That she joins her force with Turkey for a new enjoyment there ?

He who holds in trust the power, and permits this shameful work,
Will be held to task hereafter as a coward and a shirk.

For the God who strives to teach us by the task that must be done,
Sends the man ordained to do it, as He sent His martyred Son ;

As He sent our country's father to reward our righteousness,
Lincoln in the time of trouble, Hamilton in time of peace.

He, the lofty man of genius who shall rise above the clod,
And perform the will of Heaven, shall be deemed a son of God :

Shall be looked upon as a chosen for the duties of the day ;
And his name be held in reverence when his soul has passed away.

O whoe'er ye be that hear Him, whether high in power or no ;
Ye who, from the thrones of Europe, view the modest world below ;

Ye who feel the man within you struggling to assert the right :
Marshal on the plains of justice, and in name of God unite !

With one motive fixed in Heaven, that forgets all private gain,
Let us do His will Who sent us, that He send us not in vain.

Ye who, great in power by nature, occupy our seats of state,
Show us why we sent you thither ; cease, O cease the long debate !

Every boy we send to college learns to use the pompous phrase :
Not to such, but men of action, comes the everlasting praise.

You have feebly recommended, in such tones as none will heed,
That they take decisive action, when they're ready to proceed ;

But is that the tone for freemen, who, a month or two ago,
Sided with a weaker country, and declared the strong their foe ?

O my people, friends of freedom, can we not by strength of voice,
Shame the cowardice of England till her conscience leaves no choice ?

Till she must neglect her interests, and remembering God's alone,
In the face of all the Russians hurl the tyrant from the throne ?

Can we not, O ye my people, if she choose the righteous course,
Offer in God's name to help her to the limit of our force ?

O consider but the helpless, what delay to them must cost !
If we shed our blood to help them, surely more is gained than lost.

There is room for bolder action ere we reach the end of sense ;
And the powers will have to hear us when we leave them no defense.

If you argue, use expressions that convey the thoughts you mean ;
Not expand yourselves in pompous clause, with thoughts concealed between :

You may yet redeem your standing in the sight of God and man ;
But the days are lost in talking, and 'tis time the work began.

Maybe at this very moment, while we speak of the awful words,
Some one sees his helpless sweetheart ravished by the heartless Kurds :

Feircely now he draws to help her, struggling, calling on her name :—
Bound, O God ! secure and helpless, he must see her forced to shame !

Grind his teeth in frantic frenzy as he hurls the spiteful curse !
But the rising flames of passion but consume his soul the worse :

Prone he falls upon his temples ; digs his fingers in his flesh ;
Cries aloud to Christ for mercy, tearing wildly at the lash !

And the boiling blood to issue from each hot and swollen vein,
Rushes throbbing through the channels to the flood-gates of his brain ;

Where the tumult of his being is the only sound he hears,
Like the noisy winds of heaven rushing through his empty ears !

Round and round his bulging eyeballs wildly swims the sick'ning sight ;
Fainter grow the nerve convulsions ; darker, darker grows the night :

Quick the sound of loud explosion runs a quiver through his frame ;
And he gasps for breath to answer as he hears her call his name—

But the heavy world is sinking through the awful depths of space ;
And he feels the light of Heaven shining on his upturned face ;

Sees the gates of Heaven open ; hears the angel voices ring—
Lo the hallowed band of martyrs, Christ himself, and God the King !

And he takes his place among them with his loved ones by his side,
Where, in robes of simple sweetness, shines his pure and spotless bride.

Vacant places wait around him for the martyrs that shall fall—
Far beneath, in outer darkness, burns the writing on the wall.

Slowly fades the scene beneath him, like a dream of long ago ;
And he sees the peaceful Jordan, where the flowers eternal grow.

Softly now the sounds of music, wafted from celestial choirs,
Wander through the hush of Heaven with the swells of golden lyres ;

And the bliss of life eternal, where all sorrows pass away,
Has absorbed the past and future in one everlasting day.

God protect the poor Armenians, if my hurried song shall fail
To arouse one friend of freedom on the bloody Turkish trail !

O that still among our people were the bards of yesterday,
Who, like golden rays at evening, faded from the night away !

How might they in mighty chorus sing the battle songs of right,
Call their fellow men together, and inspire their souls with might !

And if still there there lives a poet who aspires to honest fame,
Let him sing what I've attempted ; let the world revere his name !

And where'er he leads his people in the cause of God and man,
He who sings this song shall follow, though he do but what he can.

SOLITUDE.

Ah, it was dreamy weather !
The summer sea at evening lay asleep :
We sat alone together,
And heard, with beating hearts, the long swells creep
Along the silent shore,
That echoed back our promise : “ Evermore.”

A year of nights has flown ;
And still the sea in nature's bosom sleeps :
All yearningly alone
I listen ; and the same cold swell still creeps
From that Eternal Shore,
But answers me, “ No, never ; nevermore.”

THE ARTIST AND THE ARTISAN.

A METRICAL ESSAY.

FIRST MEANS. PRIZE, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, 1895.

One word may stand for others, when alone,
Which, placed with others, takes some shade or tone ;
But, used too often in so many ways,
The finer meaning's lost, the coarser stays.
Thus, vulgar associations have combined,
To make our noble theme sound unrefined ;
For "artist" means most any artful man,
Who, rudely skilled, is called an artisan.
'Tis here our object, by a just defense,
To throw some light upon the finer sense.

First, of the artist, born by Heaven's decree,
To tell emotions none have felt as he ;
Whose lightest thoughts are finer thoughts than ours,
And, clothed by him, express resistless powers:
Still, through whose deeper musings ever gleams
His chosen light, reflecting all he dreams.
See where he goes to hail the charms that lie
In clouds becalmed, or in the wind-swept sky !
There, ever rising with his chosen Muse,
To make immortal what his soul may choose :
Forever seeking heights that none attain,
Soars from the theme that we have tried in vain ;

And, quitting earthly for ethereal laws,
Wins from the world a weak, but just applause.
Shall we, whose love he earns with works so dear,
Rate low the man if he should blunder here?
If worldly weak, how recompensed to show
What we of worldly strength might never know !

Diviner inspirations from above
Echo to us, from him, diviner love,
His sigh, or smile, or deeply boisterous laugh,
Will find in us, who understand not half,
Some faint response, which in itself shall wake
Our quivering heart-strings for a nobler sake.

O'er some strong means he must some mastery gain,
Else all these higher flights would be in vain ;
But none so poor is sent to teach mankind,
But God has given to him the proper mind ;
Which, rightly trained, may master what it will,
As means to greater end than show of skill.
So great that end, that, to obscure the means,
Is art of art, and merits as it gains.

Musician, painter, poet,—what the name—
By different means will all express the same;
And, though we may not read them as we run,
The three combined may yet reveal the one.
As when breathless Appreciation stands
Before the “Angelus,” nor understands
What it may be in that rude peasant pair
Fails his weak speech :—’tis God keeps silence there.
Beneath he reads the poet’s simple word :
“Still, when the night is come, praise ye the Lord.”
Suggestive music breathes that mystic spell:
The dying day subdues the evening bell.

He listens :—faintly from the distant tower
Celestial chimes melt in the holy hour ;
The radiant clouds still follow on the sun,
And twilight steals across :—the day is done.

The artist, to create this charm, employed
The simplest symbols, lest it be destroyed:
His deeper feelings he did so suggest,
That we might see the thought, and feel the rest;
But had he wished that lovelier charm to fail,
He'd but to drown it in a skilled detail.

For who has taste for over-drawn accounts
Of what suggestion had made clear at once?
And who but loves to feel he comprehends
The final point before the story ends?
So, to the portrait of a dearest friend,
Well-painted flesh no natural feelings lend :
We look for well remembered traits that lie
Drawn in the mouth, or twinkling in the eye;
He who denies us this most fair delight,
And seeks to please us merely through our sight,
Showing us clearly what we clearly saw,
To show us how precisely he can draw,—
Is but an artisan, and, master of his art,
May please the mind, but never charm the heart.

The rhetorician may, with skill, define
Unwieldy things in but a single line ;
And, when the charms are spent, and praises few,
Play on his words, and catch with something new ;
Or, if good style in some great work he sees,
He launches forth in that same style to please ;
'Till lack of finer power soon has shown
The art he tried to copy not his own :

For, as 'tis genius does what none can do,
The artisan cannot be artist too ;
Unless, unsuited to his motive here,
He mounts, an artist, to his native sphere ;
Where, though by training he's a craftsman still,
His motive, changed, is higher now than skill.
But both are skilled in the same art to show,
This, what he feels, that, what he's proud to know.
As skill was first in rank when art began,
The artist first must be an artisan ;
But, artist-born, he soon or late will soar,
However fettered by his craft before.

Then let the artisan his mastery tell,
That he of greater power may use it well :
Then when we drink the joys of sweeter song ;
Of deeper truth, that never can be wrong ;
Of nobler thoughts, more masterfully told ;
Of purer love, that never shall grow old :
We'll crown the heaven-born genius in the skies,
And honor him who helped his soul to rise.

SEPTEMBER.

September's sun stole softly on the land,
Peeped 'tween the crags, and bathed the glittering sand,
Where, 'neath the cliff, the fishing hamlet lay,
In dreamy silence of another day.

The night's sweet dew, in morn's thin mist set free,
Was wafted on the zephyrs out to sea;
Where white-winged ships, against a cloudless sky,
Leaned in the breeze, and drifted slowly by.

From where the spray fell sparkling at their feet,
The loving fish-wives watched the little fleet:
Still, lingering slow along the sobbing shore,
Wiped 'way their tears to view the specks once more.

Soon, from their cheerful huts, their hopeful lays
Of Time Eternal, and its brighter days,
Stole sweetly on the silence of the morn,
And fainted in the breeze the night had borne.

The village children, fresh from restful sleep,
Had scrambled up the rocks and down the steep,
And chased each other on across the sand,
Exchanging screams with sea-birds as they ran.

Still, from their distant play-ground in the shade
Of some tall cliff, for dreamy echos made,
Their mirthful voices sweetly rose and fell;
And distant sea-birds screamed their sad farewell.

So dreamed the early morn into the past,
That will absorb all earthly time at last;
When all the joys and sorrows of life's day
Will fade in sleep's forgetfulness away.

Thus will the Muse of humble poets sing
Each morn's delights—and each its own will bring—
To all true lovers of life's simple charms,
Till Time and Fate rescund their last alarms.

FRAGMENTS FROM EPISTLES AND POEMS.

WRITTEN IN NEW YORK CITY, SUMMER OF 1895.

Hello Old East! I span the pen
To scribble you some lines again,
Though up to date I've no such den
 To warm my zeal,
As I've enlarged on now and then
 As my ideal.

✱

Sometimes I sit for hours and pine
About this prosey life of mine,
As if the world were in combine
 Against my pleasure,
Still swearing I can't write a line
 For lack of leisure.

✱

But when I'm in the rhyming mood,
My poverty and bachelorhood
Have no effect for bad or good,
 Unless the latter,
So I won't linger here to brood
 About the matter

But in that grinding anchorite,
Prep had a friend, and has him yet,
Who wasted all his extra sweat
And conversation,
On Prep's ideas of how to get
An education.

East, I'm the Prep, and you're the friend,
And, if you've got the time to spend,
Just prop your eyelids and attend
 To what I say ;
And, when you've waded to the end,
 Throw this away.

I'll soon be rhyming at a rate
That's out of keeping with my state,
For older folks tell me to wait
 Until I'm older,
And, in the meantime, educate
 With some mind-molder.

But Eastie, I have had enough
Of this long-faced, scholastic bluff,
With time-dried tongues and all such stuff,
 So, for a while,
I'll be contented with my rough,
 Untutored style.

*

Who'd bask in Prof's cold-hearted graces,
Mustn't kick against the binding traces,
Nor flush with feeling's varied faces,
 But haste to choke,
With well-forced mirth and strained grimaces,
 At every joke.

And O how hard to counterfeit
Conviction of a startling hit,
When pity for the weakling wit
 Sickens the grin,
Till all our face spells hypocrite,
 From hair to chin !

*

But he who lives by inspiration,
And seeks a means in education,
Instead of a book-worm occupation
 Of deep research,
Though abler, knows no approbation
 From school or church.

*

And why should I be made to climb,
Head downwards through the caves of time,
My tired brain groping in the grime
 Of book and bone,
While far above the clear sublime
 Dreams on alone?

*

If God made me to tell the tale,
That lingers in the scented gale,
Or lights the fast-receding sail
 Far out at sea,
Then sea and meadow, hill and vale,
 Are books for me.

He who inspires my helpless clay,
Who hears the music of my lay,
Will guide me on my erring way
 As I ascend,
Till sweetly at the close of day
 My song shall end.

*

But circumstances, strange to say,
Don't come around in just that way,
So I must be content to stay
 Here in the city,
And sing my pessimistic lay
 Of scoff and pity.

*

So, in the midst of city sin,
With Dutch and Dago, French and Finn,
All "rushing growlers" out and in—
 O Babel nation!
In roar and rumble I begin
 My occupation.

The room I'm writing in is small ;
The children talk, and laugh, and squall ;
It's home though—that's the best of all—
 So I don't mind it :
If there's another charm withal,
 I fail to find it.

Four stories up above the ground,
You'd think I couldn't hear a sound;
But I'd be happy if I found
 A quiet minute,
When I might feel a bit profound,
 And scribble in it.

The roar and rumble grinds and grows,—
Car gongs, confusion,—“Potatoes!”—
The rush of trains, grind-organ woes.
 The smell of beer,
Loud-rattling trucks, and—“Cash old clothes!”—
 East! do you hear?

And still the children laugh and sing,
Until I set them ciphering :
They work a while, until they ring
 Their tempers up ;
Then, muddle-brained, to me they bring
 Their bitter cup.

They think I'm mean to make them work,
And tell how Alderman O'Rourke
"Allows his Hennessy to shirk
 All he durn pleases,
And lets him play all day in the park,
 Just 'cause he teases."

But soon they laugh at all that's said,
And hit each other on the head,
And yell and screech like damned dead
 In the devil's pound :
And all because they know I dread
 The slightest sound.

They're children though, and wanton faction
Gives them some empty satisfaction ;
And, if it drives you to distraction,
 So much more fun :
Just let them see it in your actions,
 And they'll keep on.

*

At early morning o'er the rail,
We lean and watch each gleaming sail,
And drink the freshness from the gale
 With eager lips,
Or wave our handkerchiefs to hail
 The passing ships.

*

At evening now the unclean gale
Blows round the sun a murky veil ;
While many a dark and smoky sail
 Glides slowly by ;
And distant steam boats moan and wail
 Along the sky.

Now through the Narrows, past the forts,
And in the great bay, lined with ports,
Where craft of many shapes and sorts,
 With solemn speed,
Move closely 'cross each other's thwarts,
 Yet never heed.

✻

Look where the hill divides in two,
And shows the darkening ocean through :
See sails cheer up the gloomy blue,
Far, far away:
Here, lingering, whisper to the view,
“Farewell, O sea !”

Farewell; but soon shall we return,
When trifling pleasures sickening turn,
And all our heavy souls shall yearn
 To be with thee ;
To see and hear and love to learn
 Thy charms, O sea !

While still across the rail we lean,
In deep communion with the scene,
The dark hills slowly intervene ;
 And still the sea
Is breaking, breaking, all unseen,
 'Round you and me.

✻

Still where the red sun closed his eye,
And streaked along the glowing sky,
The dark clouds catch the rays that fly
Till all are gone ;
And now they watch the daylight die,
And night come on.

As twilight fades and dies away,
The pale moon sheds her ghostly ray,
While twinkling stars come out to play
Through the chill night air,
And lights come shimmering 'cross the bay
From every where.

See lining all the dark'ning shore,
Great ships of commerce, state, and war,
Whose thousand naked masts implore,
 With outstretched arms,
To join the moonlit clouds that soar
 Beyond the storms.

And farther back, confused and dense,
Dark buildings, squatty or immense,
Rear like a giants mouldering fence
 Against the sky ;
And on where deeper glooms commence,
 They fade and die.

Silent, conspicuous, and grand,
Like some ship from a holy land,
Moved swiftly by an unseen hand,
 A steamboat, white,
Heads seaward from the darkened land,
 Out in the night.

*

And now a tug with noise and grind,
Its black smoke puffing in the wind,
Its train of garbage boats behind,
 Steams out to sea ;
A ghostly funeral train outlined
 Along the lee.

*

Now naked ships, now wharves are past ;
On one of these our ropes are cast ;
And when the vessel's good and fast,
 We go ashore :
Our trip is done—New York at last—
 The sea no more.

*

Ye city throngs ! the ebb and flow
Of human tides that come and go,
Always a hurrying, never slow,
 Day after day,
In Fortune's restless sea to throw
 Your lives away.

*

Day after day the motley crowd,
With sin, or shame, or trouble bowed,
The heartless rich, the poor and proud,
 In open fight,
Win what they can, foul means allowed,
 If hid from sight.

*

The unknown great, the over-rated,
The groveller, and the elevated,
The sterling worth, the showy plated,
 Healthy or shattered,
Like grain and chaff unseparated,
 By Fortune scattered.

*

Year after year they flood their sewers,
Until they bloat like German brewers;
And still the sloppy liquor lures,
 And still they follow,
Till, human hogs, no pride endures,
 And low they wallow.

Sometimes, with stumbling steps careered,
A drunken she, bloat-faced and bleared,
Her rags with gutter-mud besmeared,
 Her face with gleet,
By neither sense nor instinct steered,
 Moves down the street.

Hooting and jeering for the devil's sake,
Buckets in hand, the hoodlums take
Their noisy way along the wake
Of human sinning,
Nor aught ashamed that there they make
Their young beginning.

The sight of "cops" will still the noise,
And awe, but not dispel the boys,
Who wait until the big convoys
Move with their show,
Then follow in the keenest joys
That hoodlums know.

*

But not each boy who thus behaves,
Will end his life with bawds and knaves,
For human honor oftener saves
 Than crime is taught;
But such scenes are the early graves
 Of manly thought.

*

And children, raised as most are here,
Where right and wrong are never clear,
And reputation none too dear,
 Soon go astray:
Used to its sights, they never fear
 The downward way.

*

The dissipated crowd at nights,
Parading in the glaring lights,
To me the saddest of street sights,
 Draws no attention:
So common are the loose delights,
 Few dare to mention.

There, brazen in the lewd parade,
The wanton, once a modest maid,
Still young, perhaps, but soon to fade,
 Refall, corrode :
Walks shameless with some renegade
 To Sin's abode.

*

Still, girls of every age and size
Run on the streets, and compromise
What modesty we may surmise
 Was theirs by birth :
How many, think you, ever rise
 To any worth?

*

Whatever window—and they're few—
I'm writing near and looking through,
A brick wall flattens on my view
 Across the way,
Of patch design, but "Something new"
 The owners say.

*

Most architects here vaguely clutch
At any symbol, Greek or Dutch,
Which, made of tin, won't cost too much,
But, boldly placed,
Will show some master's able touch,
And owner's taste.

*

Old mansions, crumbling to decay,
Tell of good taste long passed away:
Some, new, foretell that better day
We long to see,
When wealth will cease to buy display,
Or cease to be.

*

Some show, with narrow fronts erect,
How painfully the architect
Designed to draw some good effect
Out of distortion;
And here and there you may detect
Some pleasing portion.

*

The poor, where churches rise in gloom,
Read "Welcome." yes, to standing room ;
For shabby folk should not presume
 To sit in pews :
They're for the rich, who can assume
 The heavy dues.

*

The standard being show of cash,
The shabby poor are counted trash ;
So all aspire to "cut a dash"
 Ev'n though they rue it,
And live on counter lunch and hash
 So they can do it.

*

The wealthy here live but to show
How rich they are, how much they know,
And each thing bought must help to throw
 The light desired ;
And when they get it, out they go
 To be admired.

This wealth, to which they all aspire,
Fans at the flames of hot desire ;
Consumes their virtues in the fire,
 And steels their hearts,
Till they love none, and none admire
 Their soulless parts.

There you may see the grizzly tramp,
With red face like a danger lamp,
His matted whiskers hanging damp
 With drying beer:
And there you see grim Hunger's cramp,
 And Sorrow's tear.

There is a great deal more to say
Of jewelled rich in swell array,
Contrasted with their brother clay, —
 Of parks, and drives,
Where people rest, and children play,
 And health survives.

*

And I might write for days and days,
And tell of New York City ways;
But think of all the grateful lays
 A poet owes
To noble men, whose lasting praise
 He might compose.

*

And now I'm through, what have I said,
That might not have been thought instead?
Nothing, of course, and you most dead—
 If you've attended.
Well, there, don't cry your eyes all red,
 For I have ended.

* * *

I'd have my vast, extended park,
To ramble in from dawn till dark,
Singing with whip-poor-will or lark,
 As the spirit moved me,
And home again to a Noah's ark
 Of them that loved me.

*

For I could never live alone,
A hermit king, on any throne ;
Give me young children, some my own,
 To run and meet me ;
And a loving wife, a rose full blown,
 To blush and greet me.

*

Great artists, too, I'd have around,
All moods, from simple to profound ;
You Eastie, uppermost and crowned,
 My young heart's friend ;
And at your throne of wit renowned
 The world would bend.

*

Afield, the laborers would reign,
The happy kings of toil's domain,
And dress their realms of golden grain
 So sweet and scenty,
With peaceful slumber for their pain,
 And smiling plenty.

Sweet wild flowers would blush and blow,
Untouched beneath the genial glow,
That filtered softly down below
 Through cooling bowers,
Or glittered into golden bows
 Through dripping showers.

*

There, wild, and free, and unbetrayed,
The gentle deer, beneath the shade,
Would crop the tender, dewy blade,
 And mildly stare,
Feeling no cause to be afraid
 Of hunters there.

*

A mirror lake, in fairy blue,
Winds from my fancy into view ;
And, far across, it seems that you
 Await the gale,
That soon will start and bring you to
 With leaning sail.

MISCELLANEOUS FRAGMENTS.

GIVEN HERE AS EXAMPLES OF WORK.



The grumbling sky grew black, and frightful forms
Loomed in the lightning flashes, and were gone !
They seize my head and hurl me through the storms ;
And round I whirl through space, and on and on—
Stop—stop me—O— ! Still rolling on and on
Through clanging spheres and worlds of wild-eyed dead,
Till, black as death, eternal midnights yawn—
I plunge—I strike—: beside my whirling bed
My mother, leaning, soothes my fevered head.

I must have fallen asleep once more, and dreamed ;
For still I heard the rolling worlds and stars,
Still growing fainter in my ears, it seemed,
Like midnight rumbling of the distant cars ;
Now singing like a thousand soft guitars,
Faint and more faint, till far away, methought,
I heard the tinkling of the tiny stars,
That danced in dazzling millions as they wrought,
Through ringing stillness, those faint sounds I caught.

And then it seemed I heard my mother sing,
Like some sweet angel voice so far away,
About the little bird that came in Spring,
And sang so sweetly at the dawn of day ;
But when the last sad accents died away,
I wept to think the little bird had flown :—
Again that voice from Heaven seemed to say,
“ Poor mama’s little bird will soon be grown,
To fly away and leave her all alone.”

*

Blow, blow, breezes, blow !
Over the dancing waves we go,
Skimming merrily, merrily on,
Cutting the spray from the ripply lawn —
Oh ! our life's as free as the boundless sea,
That washes our wake o'er the watery lea ;
And we plow, plow, plow, plow,
With the wind in the rigging, the waves at the bow,
As we go rollicing, rolling along,
To the time of the waves and the fresh wind's song.
Over the dancing waves we go ;
Blow, blow, breezes, blow !

Sing, sing, gayly sing!
O, what a life does the salt sea bring!
Lustily, lustily, sing with a shout;
You open your mouth and the song rolls out.
Oh! our life's as gay as the sparkling spray
That kisses our eyes in its innocent play,
Here, there, everywhere—
See its glittering beads in the sunlight glare!
Lustily, lustily, work with a will,
While the wind in the rigging whistles shrill!
Over the waves our voices ring;
Sing, sing, gayly sing!

Away, away to the open sea !
As swift as the gull in the wind are we :
Cheerily, cheerily, on we go,
With the sky above and the sea below—
Oh ! we challenge aloud to the driving cloud,
And away we cut with our gun'ales bowed—
Up, up, down, down,
While the waves jump up and roll around—
Cheerily, cheerily, on we fly,
With the driving cloud in the whistling sky !
As fleet as the hurrying winds are we ;
Away, away to the open sea !

*

O wondrous God, Eternal Source of Light!
Who made the ancient glories of the night:
If in yon starry heaven, throned afar,
Or yet unseen beyond the worlds that are,
Yet is Thy presence, in the hour of prayer,
Deep in the heart of who will call Thee there.

*

Sweet, happy dreams of childhood's early day!
How sad they seem, when, after many years,
We pause again where once we loved to play,
And consecrate the lonely spot with tears.

*

O God, art Thou the silence that pervades
These dreams of Heaven, that fill the evening shades?

*

And sweet it was indeed, to see
A tender man, and mild,
Who, though as wise as men may be,
Was yet in all a child:
Whose love could trace some simple grace
In the smallest flower that smiled.

*

I see him slowly muse his way
Along the warm sea sands,
And part forever with the day,
That lingers as he stands,
Then lights his face with heavenly grace,
And fades to other lands.

*

In loveliness each summer day
Dreamed on into the past;
And past and future died away,
Like landscape when the lingering ray
Fades from the scene at last.

✱

When fools reprove thee for a foolish act,
Be not consoled to think they have not wit;
But, clothed in all the honest glare of fact,
Know if thy garb appropriately fit:
Perchance, in wisdom of thine own conceit,
Thou sittest, an arch-fool, at thy folly's feet.

✱

A child instructs thee: thy impatient pride
Cuts him short off, as if thou comprehend;
He learns thy silly weakness, and beside,
What hast thou gained by ignorance of his end?
'Twere better far to hear a child advise,
Than cut him off to seem, thyself, more wise.

✱

Hear all the teachings of the great:
E'en profit by the fool;
But never stoop to imitate,
Nor be the wise man's tool:
In thine own state originate
A new and better school.

✱

Be sure your conversation's such
That, talking little, you say much.

*

One morn, God's peace was with me, when I strolled
Across the fields, beside the summer wood.
High o'er the glistening oaks, the gold-tinged clouds
Clasped hands to welcome forth the blushing dawn ;
When, from the quiet of that summer morn,
All nature sang the glory of our God.
From the bright fields, where flowers laughed with dew,
The cool, green wood, the brook, and halloed hill—
Bathed in the freshness of the morning air—
Yea, from the very soul of all the earth,
Swelled the high anthem that not men alone,
But all God's works, do feel a thrill to hear.
Birds sang till e'en the jay tuned well his note,
And entered in the anthem with the dove.
Beneath, the robins in great choirs filled
The grove and meadow with their summer song;
And I, in spirit of the joyful time,
Joined soul and voice, and lifted up my praise
To Him who blessed me with a life so full
Of sympathy, with all that He has made.

*

Almighty God, Thou glorious King of kings!
Eternal Ruler of unnumbered worlds,
That through vast stretches of yon pathless heaven,
Pursue their awful course in harmony!
O wondrous Being, God of every race,
To Whom a million souls this moment look
With sweet confiding hope,—look Thou on me.
Stretch forth Thy hand, O God of love, and here,
While evening shades prevail, and deeper gloom
Steals darkly on, speak to my waiting soul.
For deep within I feel the soothing sounds
Of Thy sweet Name—my God, my Heavenly Father!

*

Almighty God, in gratitude I come,
Though frail of thought, and dumb,
Craving that mercy shown
Through all these years when I have walked alone.
Though long ungrateful, now before Thy throne,
Such gratitude I own,
As Thou alone, O God, can understand.
Take Thou my erring hand,
And lead me to the light when darkness gathers
 'round the land.

*

But let me not, in vain conceit, presume
To reason out my doom,
More than to idly scan
The thousand different destinies of man ;
For, since the course of time with Thee began,
Thou hast obscured Thy plan,
That we might live in hope, and humbly share,
Each as his strength can bear,
The burden of misfortune with the least of its despair.

*

So was Job's lot the lot of all mankind;
And we, though future-blind,
Paint pictures of the day
It pleases us to see not far away.
So let me live, that, while I watch and pray,
I cheer the long delay;
And should joy never come to me below,
Give me Thy peace to know,
That in the Great Hereafter I shall find it where I go.

✱

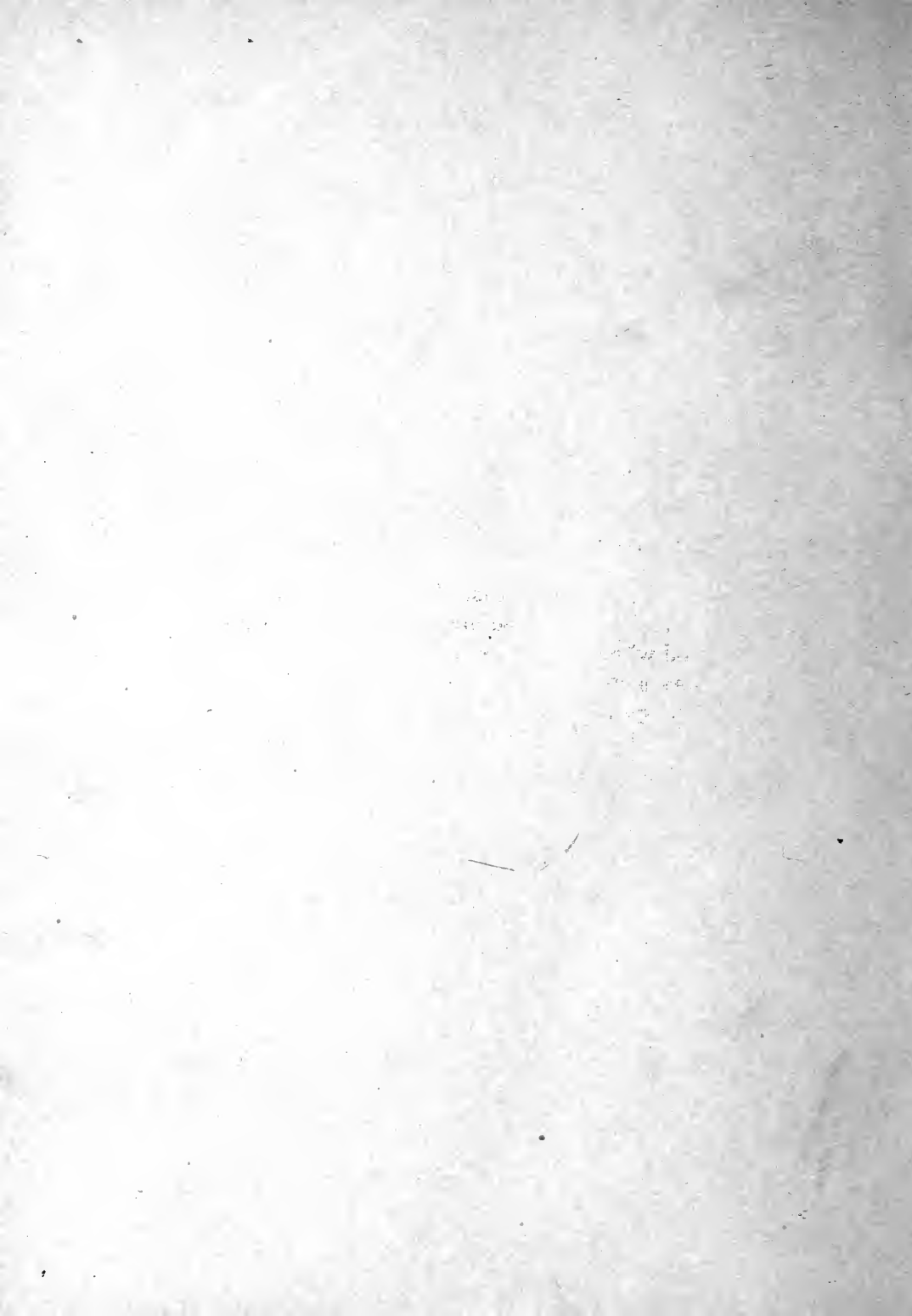
Not through these tedious years have I alone
Stood suppliant at Thy throne;
Nor in the glowering gloom,
That e'en devoured the darkness of my doom,
Have I alone longed for some hope to loom
Out of my dead hope's tomb.
Not through these sleepless nights, these lengthened years,
Have I alone, through tears,
Watched for the morning light of hope to drive
 away my fears.

*

Thou knowest it all; O why should I rehearse
Thus, in my humble verse,
Thy goodness, gracious Lord?
For not in my poor language is the word,
That can express to Thee what Thou hast heard
Deep in my silence stirred.
Thou knowest my feelings best, for Thou dost bring
This very song I sing
Out of the fullness of my soul, O Thou my Lord,
my King.

*

So I commit my future life to Thee ;
And, though I cannot see,
Yet will I always trust
That Thou wilt lead me where Thou thinkest just.
And when at last I leave here, as I must,
May men revere my dust,
And speak in tender words of him whose days,
Though spent in idle lays,
Yet grew a blessing to the world, because he sang
Thy praise.

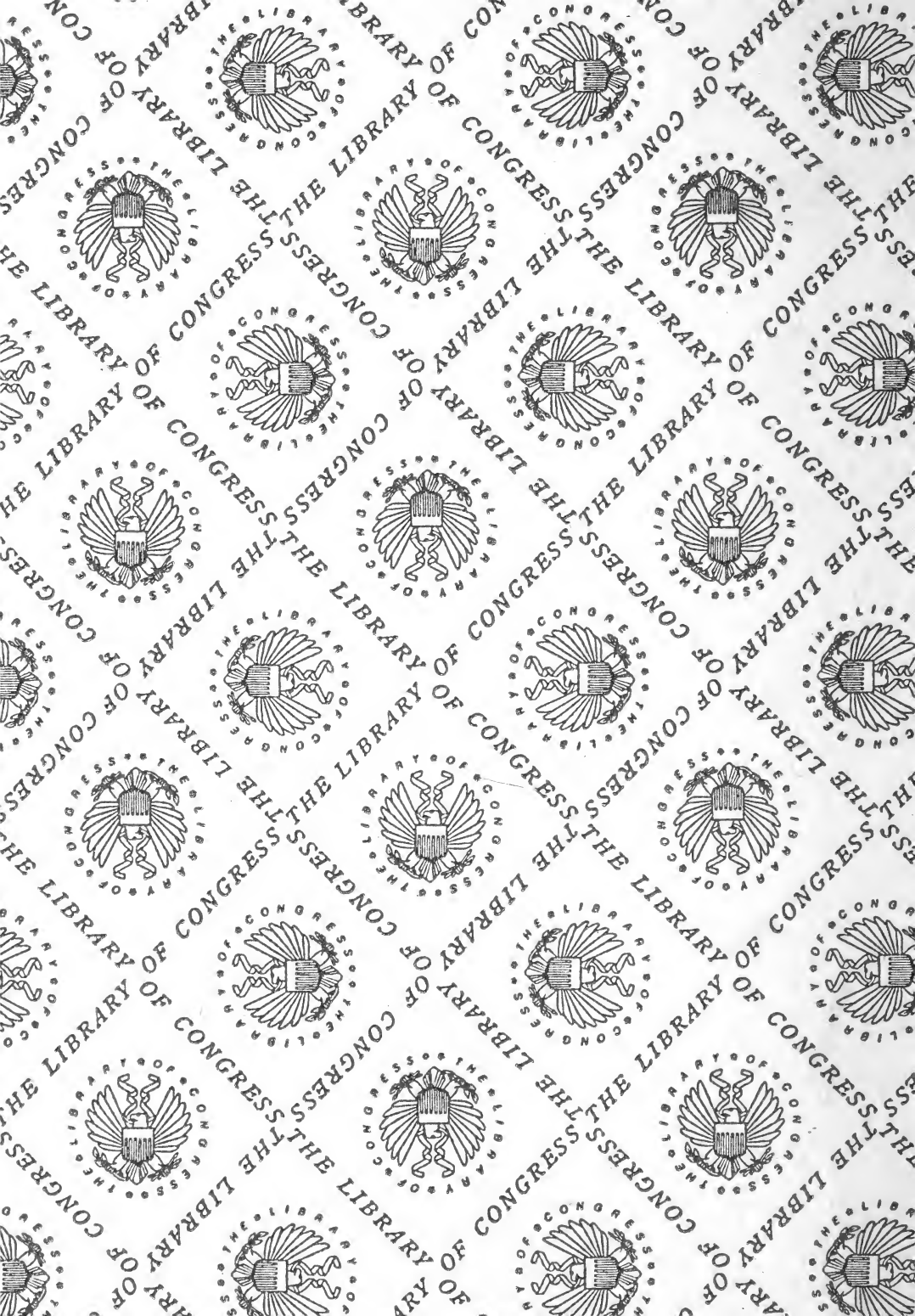


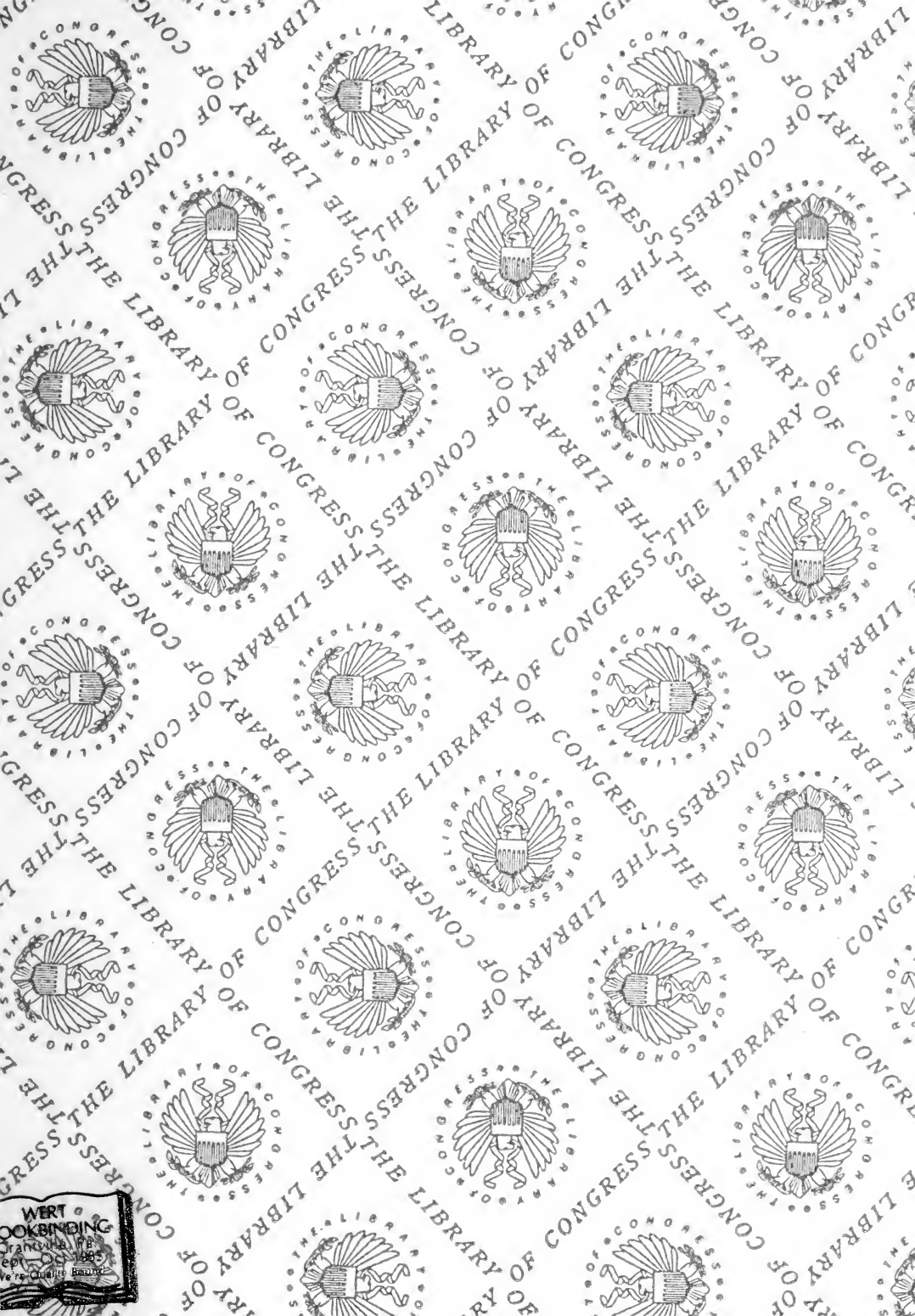




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